

FOUR WOMEN UPON WHOM GOVERNMENTS HAVE WAGED WAR.

(SEE PAGE 9.)

FOUR women stand out to-day as examples of brutality of government and tyrants. Evangelina Cossio Cisneros, the Cuban girl, is the only one of the four whose martyrdom ended in liberty. Of the others, Carlotta, ex-Empress of Mexico, is dying in an insane asylum. Her royal brother, the King of the Belgians, has squandered her fortune of ten millions of dollars. Mrs. Maybrick is serving a life sentence because the British Government will not admit it has made a mistake, though all the rest of the world and most of the English public knows she was innocent of the charge of murdering her husband.

As soon as President Barrios, of Guatemala, learned of the open revolt of Morales in the north he wreaked his vengeance on the defenceless wife of the insurgent leader who was residing in the capital city. She was ordered under arrest, and was absolutely shut off from communication with her friends, who were afraid to make any demonstration of sympathy for the imprisoned woman lest they should share her fate. Before the revolution the two families were intimate friends.

The whole country is ringing with the deliverance of Senorita Cisneros from the fate Weyler intended for her. The Journal had to send men into a hostile city and break into a guarded prison to save her. The courage and wit she displayed—for the plan of rescue was her own—stamps her as one of the heroines of history. She had been confined in the foul prison of Recojidas for fifteen months. She was only eighteen years old, of gentle blood, being a grand-niece of the ex-President of Cuba, the Marquis of Santa

Lucia, and she was educated, refined and innocent. Yet she was thrown into a jail to mingle with the vilest women in the world—the off-scourings of Havana—because they were too vile even for that filthy city to permit to be at large. For a time at least she had to eat and sleep with these. Like other prisoners, she had to scrub her person. The other prisoners cursed her for her innocence, and month after month her ears were assailed with their language. It is not permitted to describe such a place as this. The sights and sounds of it are beyond the imagination of anybody who has not looked through the bars at the frightful aggregation of horrible women. Yet for more than a year this child was exposed to that. The intercession of the Pope with Queen Regent Maria Cristina of Spain and the petitions of the noblest women of America and England brought an order from the Queen to Weyler to transfer the girl to a convent. He did not heed it. The story of her rescue is familiar to the readers of the Journal. As soon as she was clear of Cuba she was honored everywhere. The people of this country could not do too much for her.

Her sufferings are at an end, and most marvelous of all the circumstances of her extraordinary experiences is that she comes out of that inferno untouched by its blackness. Evangelina Cisneros delivered from Recojidas is as sweet and true a girl as she was when she repulsed the Spanish officer, nephew of the Prime Minister, who demanded her honor as the price of her own and her father's liberty.

A Fortune for Mrs. Woodhull.

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MRS. JOHN BIDDULPH MARTIN, she who is better known to Americans as Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, who, with her sister, Tenny Cladon, were among New York's earliest reformers, has come into a fortune of nearly a million dollars from her late husband's estate.

Mrs. Martin had a remarkable career in the United States, and dabbled in all sorts of things that brought her notoriety. She has not been in this country for many years.

Mrs. Palmer's Newport Palace.

None of the luxuries that money can buy are missing from the palatial summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer at Newport. A faint idea of the grandeur of the place may be gained from photographs of the dining room and a bit of the drawing room, which are reproduced on this page. The Potter Palmers are from Chicago, as everybody knows, and have slathers of money. The ball Mrs. Potter gave at Newport a couple of seasons ago dazzled even the swell set by its brilliancy.

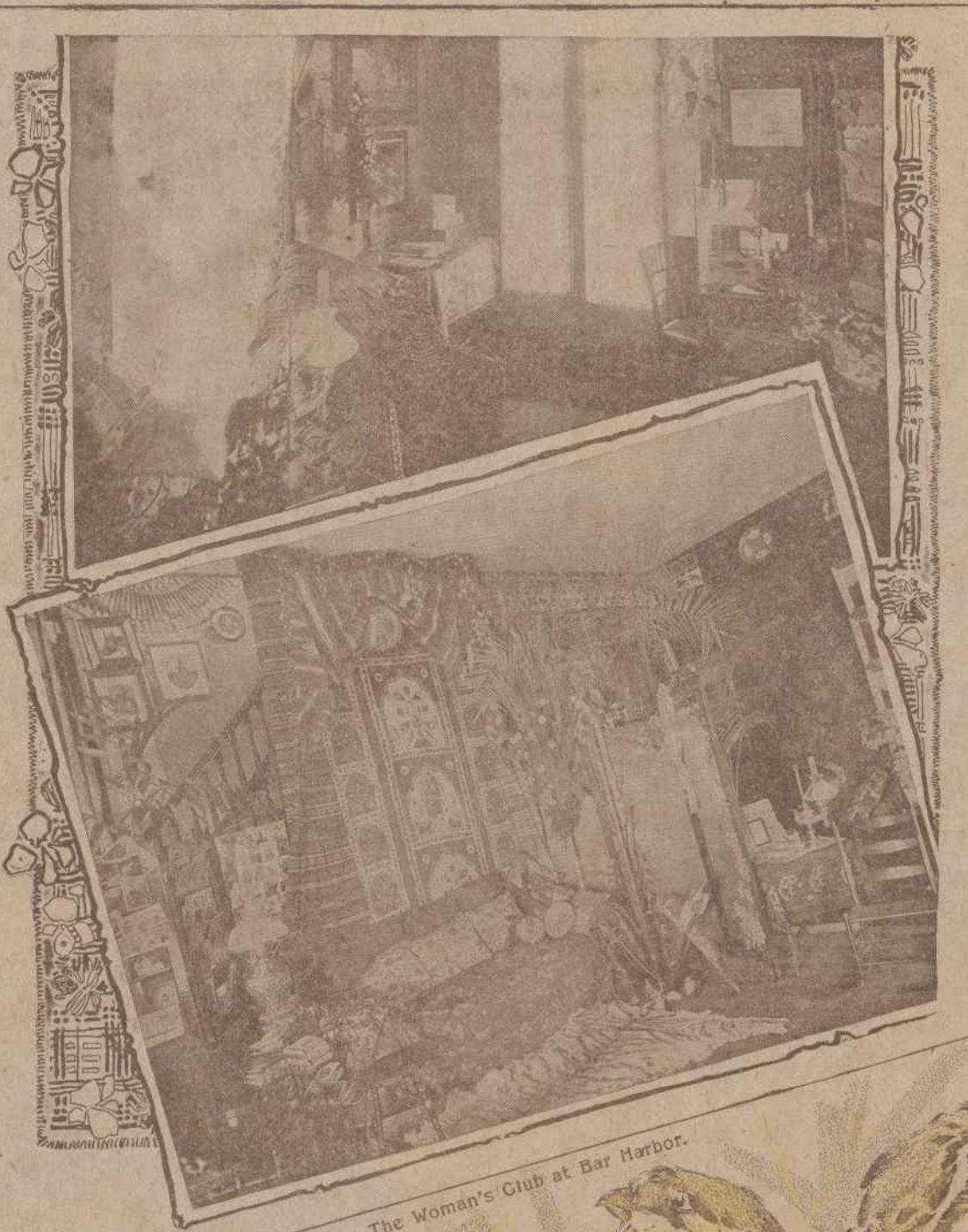
To Dance in the Klondike.

(See Page 13.)

THE La More twins, song and dance artists, of Portland, are going to the Klondike in the Spring, where they expect to sing and dance themselves into a fortune. They are both pretty girls and are variety favorites on the coast. They are not at all worried about the prospect of hardship.

Woman's Club at Bar Harbor.

ONE of the coziest and most comfortable places in all of Bar Harbor is the Woman's Clubhouse. It is fitted up in a tasteful, homelike way, and is full of pretty nooks and corners. During the season the club is one of the most popular places in the city for women.



The Woman's Club at Bar Harbor.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

This English Flirt Broke Many Hearts.

(See Page 13.)

LONDON society now returning to town is still talking over the affair of Lord and Lady Romilly, the latter being a sister-in-law of that famous American beauty, Lady Grey Egerton, nee Margaret Wayne Cuyler of Morristown, N. J.

Lady Romilly was Miss Grey Egerton, and as pretty and sweet a little flirt as ever made havoc through a London season. She is not yet twenty, and in the two years since she was introduced at the Queen's Drawing Room she has been engaged three times, each engagement lasting but a short time.

Shortly after her debut she became engaged to Lord Gaspard le Marchant Romilly, a dashing young guardsman with a handsome face and body and the manner of a Beau Brummel. At the end of a week the match was declared off, and then another suitor was accepted, only to be thrown over for a third, who chanced to be Mr. Ernest Cunard, the brother of Sir Bache Cunard, who married Maude Burke, of Chicago and Newport.

The wedding with Mr. Cunard was to take place at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, and the invitations were all out, the presents received and the beautiful Paris trousseau complete.

Imagine the wonderment of society, then, when on the day before the wedding the flighty little beauty was married to her first lover, Lord Romilly, at St. George's, being given away by her maid, while his handsome lordship was attended only by his collector.

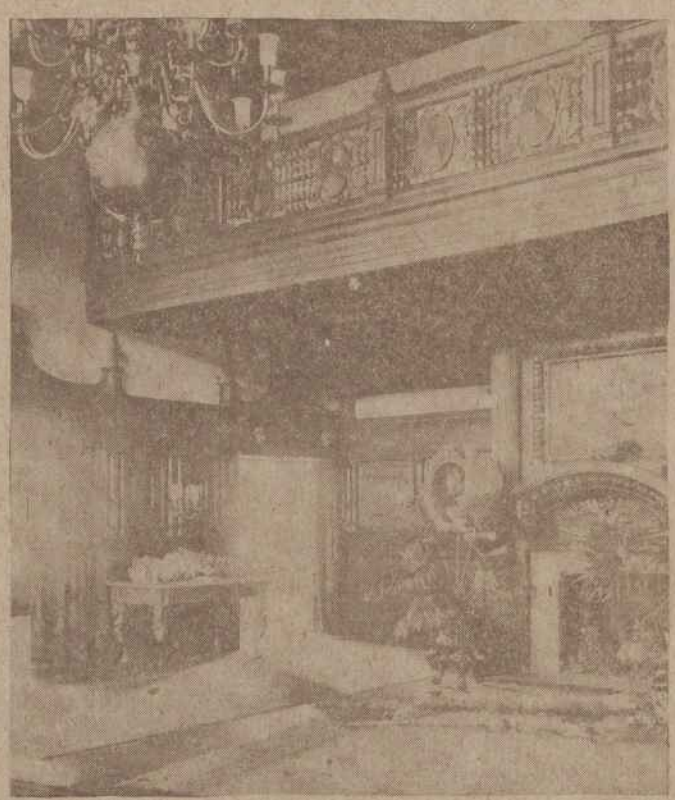
Mr. Cunard's first knowledge of the affair was brought to him by the papers, and was soon followed by his truant fiancée's package of presents. It is indeed rough on Mr. Cunard, who is deeply humiliated by the awful affair, while Lady Romilly is radiantly happy travelling about on the continent, honeymooning in the trousseau intended for her wedding with Mr. Cunard.

Sympathy goes out to the flit lover, but at the same time one can only admire so handsome and dashing a couple as Lord and Lady Romilly make. They will not return to London till the storm has blown over and people have forgotten a bit.

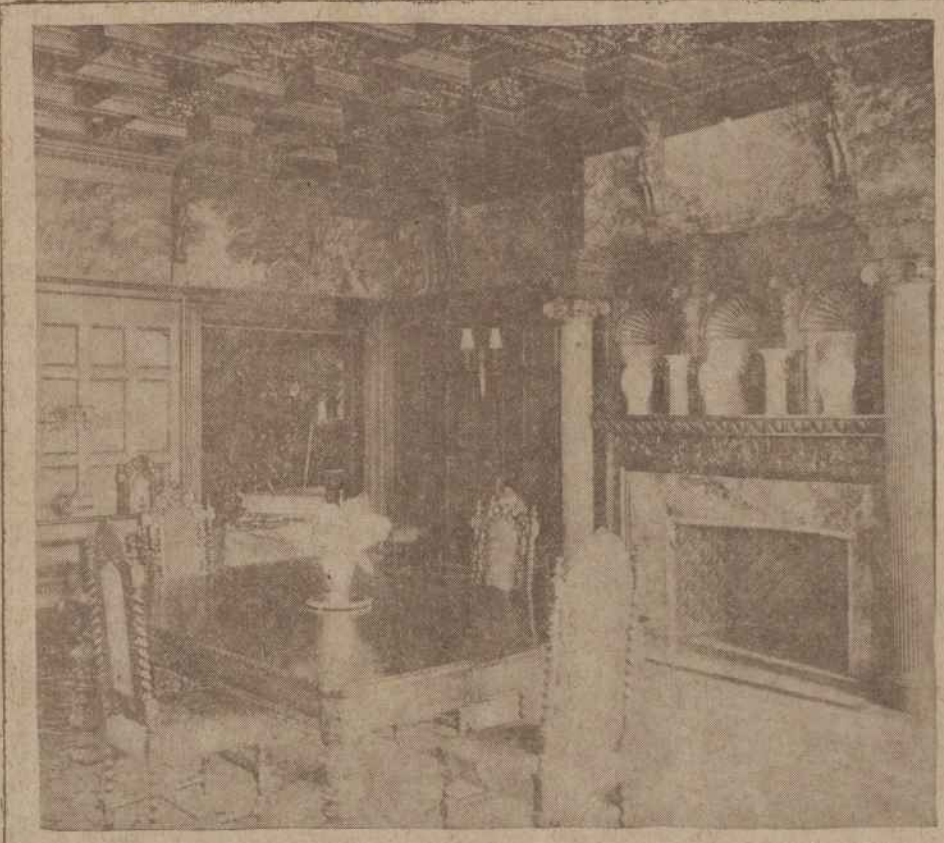
Stowaway in Petticoats.

(See Page 13.)

WHEN the steamer Eugene was thirty miles away from Portland, Ore., on her voyage to the Klondike recently, a woman was found stowed away in the engine room. She was Mrs. H. E. Stetson, the wife of a man aboard the steamer who was going to look for a fortune in the gold fields. Her husband had decided to leave her at home, believing that she could not withstand the dangers and hardships of life in Alaska. She thought otherwise, and accordingly hid herself away in the ship.



Drawing Room of Mrs. Potter Palmer's Newport Residence.



Dining Room in the Palmer Palace.